

Just Received



A magnificent line of Umbrellas, choice new goods, right out of the factory—To go on sale at once at the prices other merchants pay.

"When you see it in our advertisement it's so."

NEW CLOAKS

Are coming in almost daily, and our large cloak room shows more cloaks than all other houses combined, in fact we are so far ahead of others that we don't consider that we have any competition at all. You run no risk in buying of us. We handle no goods that we cannot recommend, the style and fit is perfect and the lowest possible price is fixed on every garment.



HERE'S GOOD NEWS

For the little ones and their mama's too. Mr. Bassett while in New York was fortunate enough to secure from the large importing house of Weiler & Sons, all their samples of dollies and albums AT LESS THAN HALF the cost of importing—do you catch what we say—NOT HALF BUT LESS THAN HALF—we are going to sell them cheaper than ever heard of before—Due notice of the sale will be given—watch for it—

BASSETT & CO.

Sixty Million Bushels of Wheat—A Bushel for Every Inhabitant of the United States—The Kansas Crop of '92.

Never in the history of Kansas has that State had such bountiful crops as this year. The farmers cannot get enough hands to harvest their crops, and the Santa Fe Railroad has made special rates from Kansas City and other Missouri River towns, to induce harvest hands to go into the State. The wheat crop of the State will be from sixty to sixty-five million bushels, and the quality is high. The grass crop is made, and is a very large one. The early potatoes, rye, barley and oats are all large. The weather has been propitious for corn, and it is the cheapest, best looking corn to be found in the country to-day. Cheap rates will be made from Chicago, St. Louis and all points on the Santa Fe east of the Missouri River, to all Kansas points, on Aug. 30 and September 27, and these excursions will give a chance for eastern farmers to see what the great Sunflower State can do. A good map of Kansas will be mailed free upon application to Jno. J. Byrne, 623 Monmouth Block, Chicago, Ill., together with reliable statistics and information about Kansas lands.

The first self-propelling steam fire engine was shown in New York in 1873.

An honest Swede tells his story in plain but unmistakable language for the benefit of the public. "One of my children took a severe cold, and got the croup. I gave her a teaspoonful of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and in five minutes later I gave her one more. By this time she had to cough up the gathering in her throat. Then she went to sleep and slept good for fifteen minutes. Then she got up and vomited; then she went back to bed and slept good for the remainder of the night. She got the croup the second night and I gave her the same remedy with the same good results. I write this because I thought there might be some one in the same need and not know the true merits of this wonderful medicine." CHAS. A. THOMPSON, Des Moines, Iowa. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Blake & Wood, druggists.

In the manufacture of broadcloth there are 35 processes through which each piece must go.

Lemon Chemical Co.—I regard your Chili Tonic the best I have ever tried, in fact I spent half my salary for child medicine for my daughter and used quinine jackets for her, and all this did no good until I gave her Lemon Chili Tonic, and I-day she is the healthiest child in our neighborhood. It is fat and eats all she can get; and I gladly testify to a tonic that has such merit. Insist on getting the genuine "Lemon" Chili Tonic.

For sale and guaranteed by R. C. Hardwick, Hopkinsville, and Mason & Wills, Newstead, Ky.

COW BELLS.

What sounds are those that fill the slumberous air?
The "ting-a-ling, ling, ling," of by-gone days?
Again in happy childhood, free from care,
I trace the eyes through many vanishing ways.
With bare, brown feet I pause beside the stream
Whose banks with ferns and flowers wild are
Just as the sunset's glowing parents gleam
O'er wooded hills, before they fade away.
The squirrel paces in his mad career
To watch me, with sagacious, quizzing eyes;
Vespers by wood-birds warbling far and near
Tattle attempts to whistle weird replies.
But "ting-a-ling, ling, ling," again I hear:
The cows advance with stumbling gait and
With crumpled horns and well-tied tags they
My resting place, and homeward I must go.
Ah! "ting-a-ling, ling, ling-a-ling, ling, ling!"
What sweeter musicured brain can greet?
Back to the present!—and awakening:
"The bell the wagman's toll, on the street!"
—Warner Wills Price, in Country Gentleman.

ALL FORGIVEN.

A Minister's Pathetic Story of a Dying Miner.

I first saw Barton Jerome in the summer of '90. He was slowly dying of consumption, in a remote camp out in the Mubas foot-hills, and a hardy fellow miner had brought me to his cot, imploring me to remain with him until the end.

"Bart has something on his mind," he explained, hesitatingly. "We all think he has a confession to make, and if you stay, it is bound to come, sooner or later. I think he'll die happier, with the load taken off his conscience. Bart and me both have a bit of gold saved up, and we can pay you well for the trouble of staying. It won't be long now, anyway. You'll get camp rations thrown in, and it's as healthy here in the foot-hills as you'd find it anywhere; better stay with Bart, sir, till the end!"

I grasped Rube Sawyer's honest, roughened hand. "I will remain on one condition—that you will not even think of future payment. I am out here on a needed vacation, the climate agrees with me and I can hunt and fish, while at the same time I can help you nurse your dying comrade."

The miner's eyes glinted. "You've got a heart, sir, an' I'm glad of it. Now, take a look at Bart. He's as fine a lad as you'll wish to see; or, at least, was before this wasting away began."

Together we entered the place, which was part tent, part dugout. On a low cot by the door lay a man still young, yet his face and form bore the traces of great physical beauty. I remember thinking what he must have been in health and strength, and then suddenly his eyes were turned upon me. The miner was large, gray and piercing, such eyes as are never forgotten. And he extended a thin, shapely hand in welcome.

He turned the minister from the cot that Bart heard of below, and prompted to bring me if he could. Well, it was mighty good of you to come. I belong in the east, too, you see. New York is my state, and I'm glad of it. "It is also mine," I interrupted, pressing his long, white fingers. "But you'll get back to it again, an' I won't," he cried, with a frown. "I've got to die here in the Mubas foot-hills. An' Rube has promised to bury me six months outside of camp. I've lain here six months. Better die at once, an' done with it."

"I took it, mother, and I've got to go. Father will soon find it out! Don't kiss me! I don't deserve it!"
He awoke, with a shuddering sigh, and his large eyes were fixed upon me. "Who are you? Oh, yes, I remember! The minister Rube brought! He thinks I am going to die, and I guess I am. Did I say anything in my sleep? I often do—bad dreams, you see?"
"You spoke of taking something," I replied, firmly.
His thin, white face flushed painfully. "Ah! yes!" he faltered. "I must have meant my medicine! It's time to take it now! I feel sometimes that it's bound to build me up yet! When the cooler weather comes I'll get more rest, and then—"

"And then?" I repeated, as the poor boy hesitated.
"Oh! I'll get better then!" he added, hopefully. "But you don't believe that, I know. Yet Rube can't tell you I've been far worse than you see me now."

I took his hot fingers into my own. "Barton Jerome, have you a mother?"
"Yes," his answer but a whisper.
"And you loved her once?"
"Don't say that! I love her still!" he cried, passionately. "But I've got to die without her—without her! O God! it is hard!"

"Why with her?" I persisted.
"Because she does not know my whereabouts—because I dare not let her know! And she could not come to me, if I did. It is too late! Too late!" His white face was buried deep in the rough pillow.

"Suppose we write to her," I suggested. "A true mother can forgive and forget any and everything."
"No, no!" he gasped. "You must not write! Rube does not know, no one knows it here, but—I am a fugitive from justice!"

I did not say I thought as much; that would have been positive cruelty! But I drew poor Barton Jerome's wasted face to my breast and pillow it there.

"You are a good man, or you wouldn't do that," he faltered at last. "Mother used to hold me in her arms just so when I was a little fellow. But father was always cold and stern. I couldn't have done what I did if he had been different. I—I want to tell you about it before I go. You can write to mother when all is over—but not now, not now. I might get well, and it would not do."

He had another fit of coughing then, and I laid him back on the cot, white and exhausted.
"It won't be long now!" sighed Rube Sawyer, stealing in on tiptoe. "An' wouldn't it 'nigh about kill 'em to see him lyin' so! After all, it's just as well as doesn't know. I'll watch him tonight, an' if he wakes, I'll tell herself. You can sleep there in the other bunk. If I need you I'll call."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ROYAL Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CANINE EXPOSTULATION.

A Few Observations on the Human Race by a Dog.

He was a veritable "dog-about-town," a "club-dog," a medium-sized black dog, with a shaggy, yellow coat. I met him one morning at breakfast in the T. & E. hotel in restaurant, where he sat beside my chair and politely requested a chop. At all attempts on the part of him an being to rub his head and call him "old fellow," he betrayed wild-wood ferocity, and by his gentle, reserved dignity, evinced his polite aversion to such trivialities.

He would leave cold roast-beef any time, to run with a fire-engine. He was an ardent patron of all outdoor sports, and witness a dog of his countenance. Especially did he like baseball, and his hoarse voice always went up with the shouts of the multitude after a fine play.

The second time I met him was at the stage-door of a theater, where "Prof. Dalmatian's Troupe" of Canine Comedians" was performing. He confessed to me that he was interested in the star, a trim, little fox-terrier, who leaped over chairs, and whom he nightly escorted to her hotel. He said he had an invitation from several members of the troupe to pass next dog-days with them down at the seashore.

I accompanied him to a football game one day. He knew the game thoroughly, and explained many of its intricacies to me. As we left the grounds, I suggested that we walk awhile, as the cars were crowded. As we walked we discussed the game.

"I don't like football," I said. "After all it is said about the science there is in it, it is sport for idle which pugilism is a gentle and no-fused art. It is brutal." He paused short in his walk, and shot up at me the most perfect expression of indignation, withering contempt. I have never seen.

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HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Apples are used by French cooks in almost all fruit pies, and they give that delicate consistency which is a notable feature of their sweet French pastry.

—The intense itching of the gums with which teething infants suffer so greatly may be allayed by giving finely crushed ice every few minutes. A saucerful may thus be given without danger and the little one soothed and quieted because of the great relief.

—It is a good plan to keep in the pantry one of those cold chests for desserts and other dishes that should be served directly from the ice. A good size is about twenty-eight inches high, twenty-one inches wide and twenty-eight inches long. This chest requires only six pounds of ice a day, and the temperature can be reduced to freezing-point if desired.

—Ginger-candy. One cupful of sugar, one cupful of treacle, one cupful of butter (lard will answer, mixed lard and suet from the frying-kettle is better), one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in two wide spoonfuls of hot water. Make a stiff dough with flour, and knead thoroughly. Roll as thin as possible, cut in small squares and bake in a moderate oven.—Household Monthly.

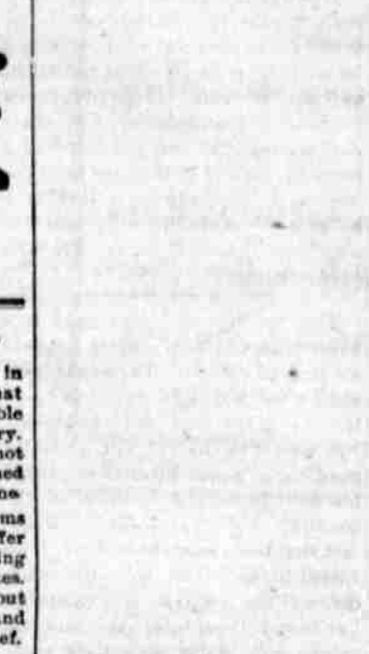
—Eggs poached with tomatoes make a very nice variety. In a flat-bottomed granite kettle have about a pint of cooking tomatoes, break five or six into a plate and slip in carefully upon the hot tomatoes; loosen the whites at the edges as they stiffen. When the yolks are as they will show out, cook a few minutes longer and place the mixture on thin slices of toasted bread, slightly moistened.—Ohio Farmer.

—Bananas and Cream. Allow six ripe bananas, peel and slice in a dish, have ready half a cupful of granulated sugar, sprinkle a little over each layer, squeeze the juice from two oranges, and put a little over each layer, when all are prepared, put in the ice box for an hour or more. Before ready to serve, whip one pint of thick, sweet cream with egg-beater until stiff, add a little powdered sugar. Pour the bananas carefully into a handsome dish for the table, have the whipped cream in another dish. Serve the bananas on sweetened dishes, heaped with cream.—N. Y. Observer.

—Venetian Almond Cake. One and one-half pounds of flour, one and one-half pounds of coarse powdered sugar, pint of egg-yolks, almond flavoring. While the eggs and sugar is being very light lather, add the flavoring; sift the flour, lightly work it into the lather, turn it on a tin lined with paper, spread the substance, an inch thick, sprinkle the top thickly with chopped almonds and crystal sugar, with just a slight dusting of red sugar sand; bake in a moderate oven. When cold, remove the paper, cut the cake into squares, then cut them across from corner to corner, making triangles.—Good House-keeping.

—Chocoled Pastille. Take a little chocolate, which put in a pan over the fire to melt; stir it with a spoon; when it is melted take half a pound of loaf sugar, pounded in a mortar and sifted, which dissolve in a little clear water. When that is done put in the chocolate; if the paste is too thick, add a little water, enough to bring it to that degree of liquidity that it may be taken up on a knife; then take half a sheet of paper and cover it with little, round, flat drops, which are called pastille, of the size of a spicopet; let them dry naturally in a cupboard, and when dry take them off from the paper, and put them in boxes.—Boston Herald.

A Mis-Fit



Is provoking and generally disagreeable even if the clothes are of the finest material and fashioned after the latest styles. Just a little wrong in this respect makes all wrong. We pride ourselves on our ability to fit any man who isn't an absolute monstrosity. If your arms or legs are long, your body too fat or too thin, and you have never been able to get a fit, let us show you we can do it. We are the only house handling the famous HIGH ART CLOTHING.

J. H. ANDERSON & CO.

Now To Business.

Cold weather is here, Heavy Goods are in brisk demand. I have the largest stock of Ladies', Mens', Boys', Youths', and Childrens' Boots and Shoes in Hopkinsville.

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FOR YOURSELF.
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